

declared that Judge Terry was a special friend of his and he would not permit any such remark to be made about Judge Terry in his hearing.

But Broderick would not quarrel with him, intimating his belief that Judge Terry hardly needed a champion of Purley's caliber.

The incident, with elaborations, was reported to Terry who promptly resigned his judgeship and sent a challenge to Broderick.

The late summer political campaign was at its height, Broderick was out on the stump and had promised to visit many towns. When the challenge reached him he merely replied that until his engagements were filled, he would not consider any matter of that kind. So soon, however, as the campaign was over, he accepted the challenge. There was much insistence at the time that unfair advantage was taken of Broderick's unfamiliarity with duelling; the right statement would have been that every proper advantage was taken by Terry and his friends. When on the field McKibben merely touched Terry's heart as Broderick's second, while Calhoun Benhem, Terry's second roughly went over Broderick's clothing as though suspicious that he had on a suit of armor. Then the pistols used were hair-trigger pistols, something Broderick was altogether unfamiliar with, so when the word was given Broderick had hardly begun to raise his weapon when it went off, the bullet striking the ground only a few feet distant from his hand. Then Terry took careful aim and fired. The bullet struck Broderick in the right breast, wounded the right lung, passed under the sternum, then followed the ribs over the heart and went out under the left arm.

True to the savage in his nature, Terry exclaimed "I shot an inch too far to the right." Broderick stood for an instant, then turned half round and sank to the ground. He lived sixty-two hours. No death in California had ever produced half the sorrow and anger that his did. His friends declared that while it was compassed according to the barbarous forms of the code, nevertheless, it was a premeditated murder; that there had been no more provocation in Broderick's word than there had been in Terry's speech; that the speech was made merely to provoke Broderick to say something in quick indignation which would supply a lame excuse on which to challenge him, and that Terry, who really had no cause of quarrel with Broderick, was selected, because he was a practiced duelist and when aroused had no more sensibilities than a grizzly.

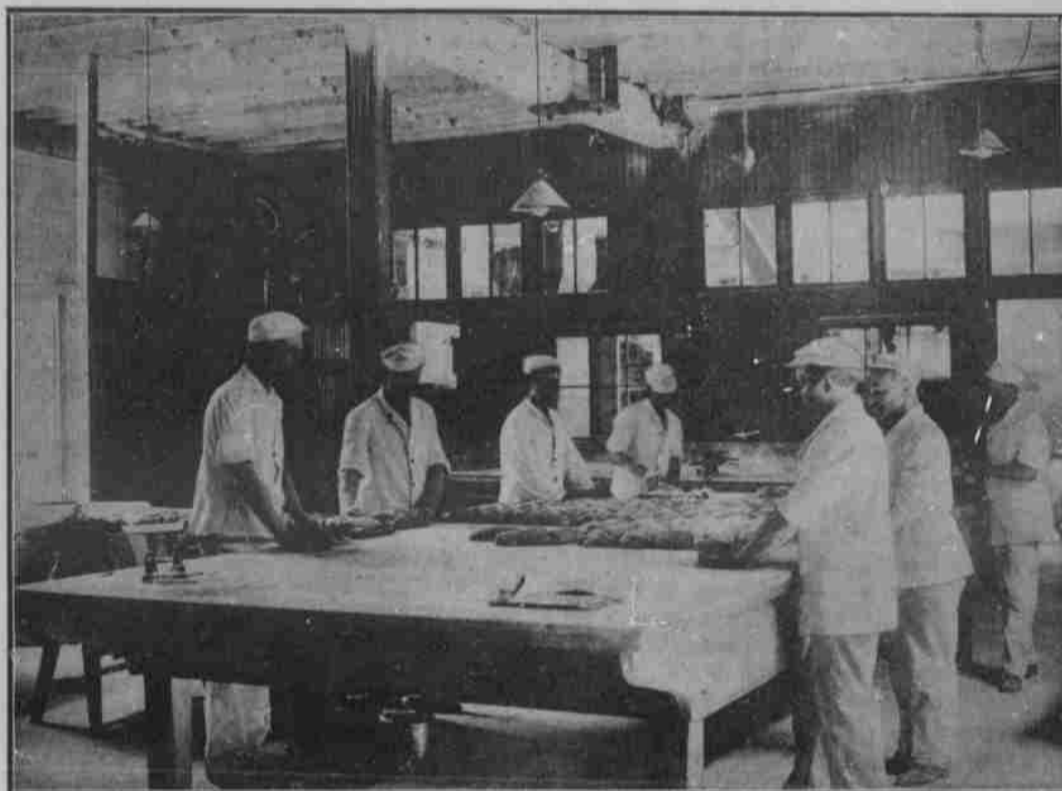
The shot that killed Broderick was in truth the first shot of the great war. After that the line of demarkation between northern and southern men was more closely drawn; northern men grew more and more aggressive, and there was further division when Penn Johnson killed the quiet, gentle, generous and blameless Furgeson in another duel a few months later. When Broderick was killed, Col. E. D. Baker was in San Francisco on his way from Oregon, where he had just been elected senator, to Washington. He pronounced the eulogy at Broderick's funeral and Rome was not half so stirred by Antony's speech over Caesar, as were the men who listened that day to Col. Baker.

As he arose and stretched out his arms over the casket in which Broderick's body lay, his opening words were: "Men of California, behold your senator!" In an instant half that immense assembly were sobbing like grieved children.

Then he pictured the high soul that had fled, its perfect truthfulness; its devotion to duty; its courage; its patriotism; its scorn of all that was base, untrue and unclean; its perfect ideal of American manhood and citizenship; its generosity and power; how without any early advantage he had fought and won for himself a place among the highest and so bore himself that they

(Continued on page 21)

The Strictest Sanitary Rules are Enforced at the Royal Bakery



Cutting, Shaping and Weighing Loaves of "Table Queen" Bread.

Each man employed at the Royal Bakery is required to bathe daily; the company has its own private baths and dressing rooms for their use. Drinking men do not find employment here, and the use of tobacco in any form is forbidden.

Each employee is dressed in a clean suit of white, with cap to match—not for "dress occasions," but for every-day wear. And every man takes a pride in the work he does.

The illustration shows some of the men employed in shaping, cutting and weighing the dough for the loaves of TABLE QUEEN BREAD, just before they are placed in "Mueller Patent" Bread Pans—the pans with a groove in the bottom, which insure a perfectly baked loaf.

From this table the bread goes to the "proving room," where it is allowed to rise before being passed to the six great ovens.



"Table Queen" 5cts.

"Royal Special" wrapped 10c

AT ALL GROCERS

